MEET MY WIFE

HARRY L. NEWTON'S
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What Every Woman Thinks She Knows	*Suffragette Monologue*

Price, 25 Cents Each

M. WITMARK & SONS,

Witmark Building 144-146 West 37th Street, New York

MEET MY WIFE

A Comedy-Dramatic Incident.

By

HARRY L. NEWTON

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MEET MY WIFE.

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CHARACTERS.

GEORGE CHAMBERLAIN.....*The Husband*

MRS. CHAMBERLAIN.....*The Wife*

PERCY HAMILTON .....*The Friend*

TIME.—Early evening.

PLACE.—The Chamberlain Apartments.

SYNOPSIS.

George Chamberlain, a hen-pecked husband who is not allowed to drink, smoke or to even have an opinion of his own without his wife's permission, with the arrival of an old friend one Percy Hamilton, enters into the spirit of the plot, eventually turns the tables on his wife and becomes master in his own house.

A clever little play with strong dramatic scenes and situations, blended with unusually good comedy.

COSTUMES.

GEORGE CHAMBERLAIN.—Frock coat and light trousers, suitable for evening wear.

MRS. CHAMBERLAIN.—Evening gown.

PERCY HAMILTON.—Tuxedo suit.

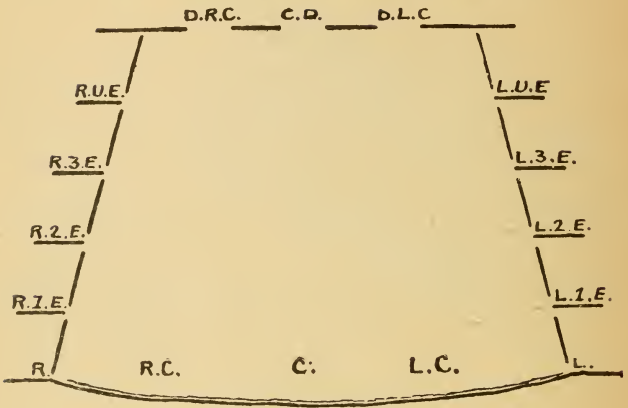
PROPERTIES

Bottle of wine. Small basket covered with napkin. Revolvers unloaded. Box of cigars. A magazine and a deck of cards.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

As seen by a performer on the stage, facing the audience, R. means right hand; L., left hand; C., center of stage; L. 3 E., entrance at upper L. of stage; R. 3 E., entrance at upper R. of stage.

DIAGRAM OF STAGE.



AUDIENCE.

L. 1. E.—Left first entrance.
R. 1. E.—Right first entrance.
L. U. E.—Left upper entrance.
C.—Centre of stage.
R. C.—Right centre of stage.
L. C.—Left centre of stage.
C. D.—Centre door
D. R. C.—Door right centre.
D. L. C.—Door left centre.

Meet My Wife

SCENE.—The Chamberlain Apartments. Center door fancy. Usual parlor furniture, with sofa down L. In center of stage there must be a small library table over which is suspended an electric drop light which can be switched on and off. At back R. is a sideboard, with mirror, set oblique, to reflect Chamberlain's facial expression to the audience. At rise of curtain Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain are discovered. He is seated on sofa, reading newspaper and he has unlighted cigar between fingers of right hand. She is at sideboard and has a mouthful of hairpins and is engaged in putting finishing touches on her hair. Her waist is unbuttoned in back. About twenty seconds elapse before opening line is spoken, then:

MRS. CHAMBERLAIN (*Speaking with an effort, owing to hairpins in mouth*)—George!

GEORGE (*Not looking up from paper*)—Yes, my dear.

MRS. C. (*Very sharply*)—Don't say "yes, my dear" to me. When I want anything done I *want* it done.

GEORGE (*Looking around at her*)—Yes, my dear, but what do you want done?

MRS. C.—Well, I've forgotten now, but I want it done anyhow.

GEORGE (*Meekly*)—Yes, my dear. (*Short pause, during which he watches her as she fixes her hair, then*):

MRS. C. (*Sarcastically*)—If you're not *too* busy you might hook me in the back.

GEORGE (*Aside*)—I'd like to hook you in the jaw.

MRS. C. (*Sharply*)—What did you say, sir?

GEORGE (*Arising*)—I said your word is law. (*Lays down paper and goes to her.*)

MRS. C.—Are you sure your hands are clean? I don't want this waist soiled the very first time I wear it.

GEORGE—Certainly not, my dear; and far be it from me to soil my own little darling's waist. (*Busy trying to catch the first hook.*) I surely want to have you look your best to-night, on Percy's account—and, of course, mine too. (*Comedy biz trying to fasten a hook.*)

MRS. C. (*Squirming as he pulls*)—Oh, how clumsy you are. Can't you ever learn to do things right?

GEORGE—Why, I thought I was coming along immense. Look, I've got one hook hooked already. Now, steady. Here goes for another. (*Puts knee up against her and then pulls and yanks at waist. She gasps and struggles. Put ad. lib. comedy biz in this scene till hooks are hooked, then he mops face with handkerchief and staggers back to sofa and sits.*) Whew!

MRS. C.—Oh, you make a dreadful fuss over any little thing I ask you to do for me. (*Busy arranging hair and looking into mirror.*)

GEORGE—Little thing? Great scott! That's the biggest job a man was ever asked to do. But I'm not complaining, you understand, my dear. Far be it from me to complain—especially since Percy is coming——

MRS. C. (*Whirling about and speaking sharply*) —Percy! Good gracious, I've been Percied to death for a week. I've had Percy for breakfast, dinner and supper, and it has been "Percy is such a good friend"; and "Percy is so handsome," and——

GEORGE—Well, you wait till you see him—that's all. (*Pulls out watch and notes time.*) He'll be popping in here any minute now——

MRS. C.—I'm hoping I won't be disappointed in your friend Percy, I'm sure. (*Picks up powder puff and uses it on face while speaking.*) For my part, men are all alike to me. I wouldn't go across the street for the best man who ever wore shoe leather.

GEORGE—I know, my dear, but you wait till you see Percy. He's one chap in a million. Percy is the best friend I or any other man ever had. Oh, by the way, dear (*Slight pause*). May I—may I smoke?

MRS. C. (*Sharply and whirling about*) Smoke! well, most certainly not. You know I never allow you to smoke in the house.

GEORGE (*Meekly*)—Well, I just thought I'd ask,

my dear. (*Puts cigar in mouth and paper in front of face.*)

MRS. C. (*Giving hair a last pat with hands*)—And I told you, and that is final. *No smoking.*

GEORGE—I got it the first time. But inasmuch as Percy was coming I——

MRS. C.—Oh, there goes that "Percy" thing again (*Sarcastically*). I'm sure I'm going to have a perfectly lovely time this evening—*quite* sure.

GEORGE—I'm quite sure you will. You know Percy is a delightful chap any way you look at him. He makes an ideal guest. Has a great fund of ready wit, stories and all that sort of thing, you know. Why, when Percy is around——

MRS. C. (*Standing in front of him, angrily*)—That will be quite enough, Mr. Chamberlain. I've heard all this "Percy" stuff I want to hear. If you keep on, when he comes in I'm going out. (*Goes to chair R., picks up magazine and opens it, reads.*)

GEORGE (*Laying down paper, then looks at her, then looks longingly at cigar in hand, starts to speak, then hesitates, then coaxingly*)—I'm awfully sure, my dear, that I would be extremely careful with the ashes, and I'd blow the smoke the other direction from you.

MRS. C.—What's the use in asking foolish questions. I said—*no smoking!*

GEORGE (*Meekly*)—I just thought I'd ask, you know. (*Puts cigar in mouth and draws several times on it, trying to imagine it is lighted.*)

(*Door bell rings sharply and* GEORGE *jumps to feet excitedly.*)

MRS. C. (*With a sigh, and laying down magazine*)—Oh, dear. Now for a *dreadfully* pleasant evening. (*Rises to feet and stands with back to center door.*)

GEORGE—He's here at last. (*Runs to center door, then turns to her.*) Get a smile on for mercy's sake—also Percy's. (*Calls off R.*) This way, Percy, old chap—this way.

(*Enter* PERCY. GEORGE *puts out hand and grasps his, then pulls him down stage.*)

GEORGE (*To* MRS. C.)—Here he is, my dear. He's come at last.

MRS. C. (*Who has been standing coldly the meanwhile, now turns slowly about*)—Indeed!

GEORGE—My dear, I want you to meet Percy Hamilton—*my friend!* Percy, meet my wife.

PERCY—Delighted, I'm sure!

(PERCY *and* MRS. C. *shake hands in formal manner, then*):

GEORGE—Let me take your coat and hat, Perc. We're going to have *one* fine visit from you. (*Takes his coat and hat.*) We've been looking forward to your coming for a long time. Haven't we, my dear?

MRS. C. (*With deep meaning*)—We have, indeed.

GEORGE (*Going towards hall tree, which stands back of C. D.*) I've been telling my wife all about you, old chap.

(*While* GEORGE *is hanging hat and coat on tree* MRS. C. *and* PERCY *are exchanging glances, then*):

PERCY (*Aside*)—By Jove! She's rather a nice sort of a woman.

MRS. C. (Aside)—He's certainly much better than I expected—far better.

GEORGE (*Coming down to them*)— Now, old chap, find a comfortable chair and let's hear all about yourself.

(PERCY *and* GEORGE *sit beside each other L and* MRS. C. *R.*)

PERCY—Oh, there isn't much to tell relative to myself. It's been about the same old sad story, you know. First one thing and then another all the time. (*Aside to* GEORGE) Go on—start something, I'll back you up.

GEORGE (*Winking slyly at* PERCY)—Watch me. (*Aloud, getting up and going to sideboard*) Yes, I suppose (*Opens drawer in sideboard and brings out box of cigars*). Before we go into details, we'll have to light up. (*Comes down to* PERCY *with out-stretched box.*) (MRS. C. *exhibits angry pantomime business.*)

PERCY (*Picking up a cigar*)—your wife? Does she object to smoking?

GEORGE—My wife? (*Laughs loudly*) Say, that's good, old chap. (*Laughs again*) My wife object to smoking! *Not on your life!* (*To her*) My dear, do you object to our smoking?

MRS. C. (*Smiling sweetly, but looking daggers*

at him)—Not in the least, my dear. By all means, smoke. (*Angry biz.*)

GEORGE (*Lighting* PERCY'S *cigar, then his own, then sits down and smokes furiously for a few seconds, all the time looking triumphantly at her*) —You know Percy, my wife is one woman in a million. She permits me to do just about as I want to while in the house. Don't you, my dear?

MRS. C. (*Sweetly, but looking angrily at him and shaking fist*)—Yes, dear; of course I do.

GEORGE (*Laughing*)—*Of course she does.* (*Aside*) Not!

PERCY—It must be great to be married, George. (*Sighs pensively*).

GEORGE—Great? Say, take it from me, it's the only life. (*Puffs hard on cigar and looks meaningly at her.*)

PERCY (*Sighing and with pensive look at her*) —Well, I *might* have taken a chance, had I— (*pauses quickly.*)

GEORGE—Had you what, Percy?

PERCY—Had I met the right one. (*Gazes significantly at* MRS. C.)

GEORGE—Of course. There's everything in that, Perc—*everything!* Now my wife and I couldn't be better mated, could we, dearie? (*She smiles sweetly, then pantomimes angry biz.*) My wife and I never have an argument—never a cross word—never a solitary thing that isn't in perfect harmony. Right, my dear?

MRS. C.—Quite right. (*Angry biz.*)

GEORGE—I'm a lucky dog, Perc—wonderfully lucky! And now, Perc, suppose you entertain us with one of your delightfully funny stories. I've been waiting a long time for this, Perc. So fire ahead.

PERCY—Well, let me see—let me see. (*Smokes in reflective manner.*) Oh, yes. Here's one. A jolly good one. One of the best I ever heard. You'll be sure to enjoy this one, I know. (*Pauses as if trying to remember story.*)

GEORGE—Yes, yes; go ahead. I'm sure it'll be immense.

PERCY—Well, it goes something like this, that is, the story does, you know. It appears that—(*Pause*)—It appears that—By Jove, I ought to remember it. I've told it a number of times. It's an awfully clever thing, too—decidedly clever—if I could just get the start of the thing. And I'm sure you'd laugh. It's about a fellow that meets another fellow and the first fellow says to the second fellow, he says—it's really awfully clever; then the second fellow says something equally as clever and that's where the laugh comes, but hang it all, I can't seem to just think of it. Anyhow, it is one of the cleverest things I ever heard.

GEORGE—Oh, I'm sure it must be. Wasn't that a clever attempt on Percy's part, dear?

MRS. C.—Decidedly clever, I'm sure.

PERCY—Pray, don't mention it, my dear Mrs. Chamberlain. I know quite a lot more equally clever stories.

GEORGE—Never mind, Perc—never mind. (*Rising.*) Now, what do you say to a little game of three-handed pinochle? My wife plays a remarkable game of pinochle, Perc—*for a woman.* (*Bustles about arranging table and chairs for game, getting deck of cards, etc.*)

PERCY—Oh, I'm *sure* your wife is clever at anything, George. (*Exchanges glances with her, then rises and helps George arrange chairs. They sit at small table. George shuffles cards, then passes deck to* MRS. C.)

GEORGE—There, my dear, we'll let you start the thing off. (MRS. C. *takes deck, starts to shuffle it and then allows half the deck to fall to floor.*) (GEORGE *stoops and gathers up cards.*)

MRS. C.—Oh, I'm *so* sorry.

PERCY (*Leaning towards her while* GEORGE is *picking up cards*)—Oh, it doesn't matter in the least, my dear Mrs. Chamberlain.

GEORGE (*Straightening up with cards from floor*)—Not in the least, my dear—but please be a little more careful—that's all.

MRS. *C.* (*Shuffling cards*)—What did you say we were going to play?

GEORGE—PINOCHLE! And the cards have been shuffled quite enough. Go ahead and deal——

PERCY—Oh, there's positively no hurry, you know.

MRS. C.—Oh, he always is in a hurry, Mr. Hamilton. (*Starts to deal cards, then pauses.*) Let's see. How many cards do I deal to each person?

GEORGE—Why, in pinochle you deal *all* the cards out, of course.

PERCY—Of course.

MRS. C.—Oh! Then *every* person gets *all* the cards? How can that be? What would the one do who did not have any cards?

GEORGE—Say, for the love of a grain elevator, did you or did you not, ever play pinochle?

MRS. C. (*Indignantly*)—Why, of course I have.

PERCY (*To* GEORGE)—You said yourself she played a clever game—for a woman.

GEORGE—Yes, for a woman! (*To her*) My dear, you deal three cards to each of us, leaving three cards in the center of the table, which is called the "widow." Now you remember, don't you?

MRS. C.—Oh, to be sure. How stupid of me. (*Deals the cards around, three at a time, while the others pick them up. At the last cards she discovers she has made a mistake in deal.*) Somebody has too many cards. I'm a card short.

GEORGE (*Groans*)—Oh, Lord!

PERCY—Now don't scold her. It wasn't her fault. I've made misdeals loads of times, George.

MRS. C.—Yes, and so have you.

GEORGE—Never mind—here—here the "widow" has one card too many. This is yours. (*Shows card to her.*)

MRS. C.—Why do they call that the "widow" I wonder?

PERCY—Because—because—Oh, I heard a dread-

ally clever answer for that one time. It was because—because——

GEORGE—Maybe you'll think of it to-morrow Perc. What do you bid to-night?

PERCY (*Scanning cards*)—Let's see. Oh, I'll say—I'll say about 250 to start it off.

GEORGE—Gee, you must have something. I'll say 260 to tease it along. (*To her*) How about you, dear?

MRS. C. (*Holding cards awkwardly*)—How much ought a person to bid on five nine spots and four jacks and——

GEORGE—(*Disgustedly*)—Don't tell us what you've got in your hand.

MRS. C.—I'm not—anyhow, you'd find it out when the cards are played, wouldn't you?

PERCY (*Laughs*)—By jove! That's clever—deucedly clever.

GEORGE—Oh, yes—immensely clever——

PERCY (*Interrupting*)—Oh, say; I've got it now Why is that called a "widow?" You don't know? It's because—because when you pick it up you're so disappointed in it. (*Laughs.*)

GEORGE (*Rising*)—That's very good indeed, Perc. So good that I think we'll postpone the cards until some future evening. Now if you'll excuse me for a couple of minutes, I'll go out and get something drinkable; sorry I haven't it in the house. After your brain exercise, Perc, I think you need something in the nature of a stimulant. What say you to a bottle of mild wine?

PERCY—Delighted, I'm sure. But why not let me go after it?

MRS. C.—No, no; let George do it.

PERCY (Laughs)—"Let George do it." By jove—that *is* clever! (*Laughs.*)

GEORGE—Oh, my wife is there with the clever stuff, all right, all right. Now I shant be gone long. In the meantime, Perc—(*Lays one hand on* PERCY'S *shoulder*). In the meantime, tell my wife some more of your really funny stories. I'll not be long. So long.

(GEORGE *grabs his hat and exits C. D.*)

PERCY (*Aside*)—Now to give the lady the shock of her life. (*Deliberately makes eyes at her.*)

MRS. C. (*Gasping with astonishment*)—Good gracious! The wretch is trying to flirt with me. I'll teach him a lesson. (*She smiles at him deliberately. Goes to sofa and sits, sighing profoundly.* PERCY *goes to chair R., sits and sighs in the same manner. Then they both look around toward Center door in a cautious manner.*)

PERCY (*Embarrassed*)—It's a—it's a very pleasant evening, isn't it?

MRS. C.—Is it?

PERCY—Why—Why, of course it is.

MRS. C.—Of course (*Sighs*).

PERCY (*Silly laugh*)—I heard an extremely clever story once about a pleasant evening.

MRS. C.—Oh, *do* tell it. (*Aside*) I hope he chokes.

PERCY (*Thinking hard*)—I—I can't seem to re-

member it. But it was really and truly a terribly clever thing.

MRS. C. (*Sighs, then smiles coquettishly at him*)—Don't you suppose you could think of something clever if you—you were to sit (*Moves over on sofa, inviting him to come and sit beside her*) over here?

PERCY (*Exhibiting agitation*)—I—I am quite comfortable here, you know. (*Glances nervously about.*)

MRS. C. (*Sighs*)—It shouldn't be a question of *your* comfort. Perhaps there is someone else to be considered. (*Coquettish biz.*)

PERCY (*Glancing nervously about*)—Yes—that's it.

MRS. C.—Oh, don't mind George. I'm sure *I* don't.

PERCY (*Aside*)—She is tempting me. (*To her*) You appear to be very happy with George.

MRS. C. (*Sighs*)—Yes—I *appear* to be.

PERCY (*Rising and again glancing at center door, then crossing to her*)—It's really too bad, my dear Mrs. Chamberlain, that a woman of your charming grace and cleverness should not have a more—more—well a husband more like myself, for instance. (*Bends over her.*)

MRS. C. (*Hanging head shyly*)—It's really not my fault, Mr. Hamilton.

PERCY (*Speaking rapidly and earnestly*)—I want to tell you something. You have asked me to say something clever. I'm going to try to now.

I want to say that I have been playing a part here this evening——

MRS. C. (*Surprised*)—You—playing a part?

PERCY—Please don't interrupt. (*Glances again at center door, then bends over her and speaks rapidly as before.*) Yes—playing a part. I had an object in view. I wanted your husband to believe that I was something of a bore, a fool, if you will. One not clever enough to—to try—to try and make love to his wife—the most wonderful woman that ever stepped across my path—(*She tries to stop him, but he seizes her hand and continues*) : Don't try to stop me—I must tell you —tell you that I love you——

MRS. C. (*Drawing away in seeming horror and putting both hands to her ears*)—No, no; you must not—you must not. I was only joking——

PERCY—I *must* and *shall* say it. I love you! You've got to leave this stupid husband of yours and come with me. Do you hear? Come with me!

MRS. C.—No, no; I tell you no.

PERCY—Oh, I know how to make you yield. So!

(*He is standing back of her and now grabs her tightly and kisses her two or three times madly. As he kisses her the first time* GEORGE *enters, goes to sideboard to deposit bottle and lunch basket which he carries. He apparently does not discover them until he looks in mirror of sideboard, then the expression of his face changes from a genial one to that of one of mingled anger, surprise, and finally despair. He sets basket on sideboard, then*

with bottle in right hand he comes down to center table and slams bottle hard on it. With the sound PERCY *releases* MR. C. *and both whirl about, facing* GEORGE, *who stands staring fixedly at them. A period of full* 12 *seconds elapses before a word is spoken, during which none move a muscle. then*) :

MRS. C. (*Excitedly*)—George! (*Sinks back on sofa, as if about to faint.*)

GEORGE (*Coldly*)—I surprised you, did I? (PERCY *backs across stage to R., with eyes fixed on George, then stops and leans both hands on back of chair, eyes glued on* GEORGE. *Then* GEORGE, *with a strong effort at self control, goes on brokenly*) : I—I hardly expected to see—to find anything like this——

PERCY (*Hoarsely*)—It's all—all a mistake, George.

GEORGE (*Interrupting and turning fiercely towards him*)—Shut up, you cur! *There was no mistake! I saw what I saw.* I saw a traitorous friend and a faithless wife. I wish to God I could call it a mistake—anything but what it really is. And you—you snake in the grass! You called yourself my friend. (*Laughs bitterly.*) My God —what a friend!

MRS. C. (*Now for the first time taking hands from in front of her eyes, half rising from sofa and appealing to him*)—George, look at me. Don't speak like that. I—I——

GEORGE (*Turning to her*)—As for you—well,

it's pretty hard to think one I called wife would—maybe I haven't always been just as I should have been. Perhaps I haven't been a good husband. But I've tried—tried hard. True, I haven't given you a lot of money, jewels and fine gowns. But—Oh, what's the use. You've started a circus, you two; but the principal actor was late for the performance. He's here now, so we'll go on with the show. Keep your eyes on the ringmaster. (*Switches on electric light, then reaches in drawer and brings out revolver which he holds under the strong light for a brief instant, then*):

PERCY (*Raising chair high overhead, which he has all along been clutching tightly and is about to hurl it at* GEORGE)—Damn you, I'll——

GEORGE (*Turning revolver toward* PERCY *and speaking slowly and coolly*)—I said, keep your eye on the ringmaster.

MRS. C.—George—husband—listen to me!

GEORGE (*Still keeping* PERCY *covered with revolver and not looking towards her*)—No, you'll listen to *me*, madam. Both of you will listen. I'm going to kill you both in a few seconds. Kill you both, understand! (*To* PERCY) You first, you snake! (*To her*) And then you. Such people as you only poison the air honest folks breathe.

MRS. C. (*On knees and holding hands outstretched toward him, pleadingly*)—No, no—not that—not that I—I—he—— (*Breaking down and sobbing.*)

PERCY (*Pointedly, to* GEORGE)—The fact is, old

chap, the big scene in my new play wants a climax, and your good wife, while endeavoring to teach me a well-deserved lesson, merely helped to prove what a jealous husband looks like.

GEORGE (*To* MRS. C.)—Is this true?

MRS. C. (*Sobbing quietly*)—I swear it.

GEORGE (*Magnanimously*)—Rise, Mrs. C., I forgive you.

MRS. C. (*Springing up joyously and throwing her arms about his neck*)—George, George, you're an angel! (GEORGE *winks at* PERCY) I'll never be cross with you again, dear, never!

(*With her arms about his neck she drops her head on his shoulder.* GEORGE, *with his left arm about her waist, offers his right hand to* PERCY, *who is on the R.* PERCY *grasps* GEORGE'S *hand and shakes it heartily as the curtain descends.*)

CURTAIN.

Positions at Curtain:

PERCY. MRS. C. and GEORGE.

One-Act Comedy Sketches and Monologs by
HARRY NEWTON

"An Invitation to the Ball."

A comedy sketch in 1 scene for 1 male and 1 female, by Harry L. Newton.

Plenty of work and good comedy for Mose Johnson, a colored servant, and Birdie Birdsell, the daughter of his master, who has made up her mind to attend a masque ball with Mose in attendance. Price 25 cents, postpaid.

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A comedy-dramatic playlet of Mexican life, by Harry L. Newton.

An original dramatic playlet for 1 male and 1 female, the scene of which is laid in Mexico.

The story is of absorbing interest centered around Carmita, a Mexican girl, recently returned from school in the United States. Pedro, a Mexican youth, has turned bandit in her absence to secure money enough to ask her to marry him. He discovers that she loves one Frank Carter, a young engineer. He threatens Carter's life and at the same time admits that he has stolen the pay-roll, which Carter may be accused of stealing. By stratagem she obtains his bowie knife and revolver and compels him to give up the stolen money, saving her sweetheart's honor thereby.

25 Cents Postpaid

"Two Girls and Him."

A comedy classic in 1 scene for 2 females and 1 male, by Harry L. Newton.

There is a vein of exquisite sentiment running through this little playlet which is particularly appealing, for it is a veritable chapter from real life.

Two good-natured chorus ladies, Florence and Birdie Feathertop, find themselves stranded at a little depot with five cents between them and no way of getting back home, unless by walking. Timothy McDuff, the tender-hearted old station agent, hears of their sad plight and spends his savings with which he was going to buy a phonograph, to pay their way to the city.

"A Jack and a Queen."

A comedietta in 1 act for 2 males and 1 female, by Harry L. Newton.

Jack Wilson, a young bachelor, having recently returned from a tour of the world, decides to settle down by marrying his fiancee, Flora Mason, whom he has not seen for eight years. Flora pays a surreptitious visit to Jack's apartments and discovers that "Tottie Twinkletoes," a dancer, is to call upon him that afternoon. Jack discovers Flora in his rooms and mistakes her for Tottie. Flora keeps up the deception and some very smart dialogue ensues, at the end of which peace and mutual understanding are fully established. Price, 25 cents, postpaid.

M. WITMARK & SONS

86 Witmark Bldg. New York

"Izzy's Vacation."

A summer episode in 2 scenes, by Harry L. Newton.

This is a splendid comedy for Hebrew comedian and lady who can play pert young miss, wearing her hair down her back in braids.

Izzy Goldberg is on a vacation in the country and constantly running across Grace Howe, a breezy young person who, in the spirit of mischief, accuses Izzy of having followed her. In scene two they meet by a babbling brook, and as both are on a fishing expedition, some ludicrous situations are created with much smart dialogue.

Price, 25 cents, postpaid

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